

# THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1851.

NUMBER 12.

## THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY

HARRIS & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.  
TERMS.—Payment in Advance.  
Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, \$1.00.  
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, . . . 1.50.  
One shilling in addition to the above will be  
charged for every three months that payment is  
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are  
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

### TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty  
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent  
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates  
prescribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements  
as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00, 1 square 1 year, \$5.00.  
1 " 3 " 2.00, 1 column 1 " 20.00.  
1 " 6 " 3.00, 1 " 1 month, 5.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-  
ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-  
dered out, and charged for. When a postponement  
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be  
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-  
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post  
paid.

Particular attention given to Blank Print-  
ing. Most kinds of Blanks in use, will be kept  
constantly on hand.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1851.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, will attend  
promptly to collecting and all other professional  
business intrusted to his care. Office third door  
below the Washington House, Washington st.,  
Grand Haven, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groce-  
ries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and  
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-  
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,  
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,  
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.  
Store, corner Washington and Water streets.  
Grand Haven, Mich.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forward-  
ing and Commission Merchant, also Agent for  
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand  
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

BALL & MARTIN, Storage, Forwarding and  
Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Mich.

GILBERT & CO. Storage, Forwarding and  
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,  
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-  
ven, Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-  
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery  
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-  
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fancy  
Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and  
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,  
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,  
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c.  
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,  
Michigan.

WILLIAM M. FERRY, Dealer in Dry Goods,  
Hardware, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Me-  
dicines, Boots and Shoes. Also, Manufacturer and  
dealer in Lumber. Water street, Grand Haven,  
Michigan.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding  
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all  
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-  
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and  
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,  
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groce-  
ries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,  
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner  
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

H. D. C. TUTTLE, M. D. Office, adjoining  
Wm. M. Ferry's Store, Water street, Grand Ha-  
ven, Michigan.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.  
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-  
ton Street, Grand Haven.

LEVI SHACKLETON, Wholesale and Retail  
dealer in Groceries, Provisions and Liquors.—  
First door above H. Penoyer's. Washington  
Street, Grand Haven, Michigan.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and  
Provisions. Washington Street, second door  
East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOY-  
ER. The proprietor has the past Spring new-  
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,  
and feels confident visitors will find the House  
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL, HOTEL, By HARRY EA-  
RON. Pleasantly situated with excellent room-  
s well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-  
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.  
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at  
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-  
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at  
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WILLIAM ORIEL, Boot and Shoemaker.—  
Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders  
promptly attended to. Washington street, Grand  
Haven, Michigan.

A. H. VREDENBURG, Boot and Shoemaker.  
Shop over Wm. M. Ferry's store, Water street.

CHARLES W. HATHAWAY, Blacksmith. All  
kinds of work in my line done with neatness and  
dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on  
Washington Street, first door west of H. Griffin's  
Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney  
for Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston  
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-  
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-  
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and  
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over  
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the  
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa  
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite  
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—  
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-  
ington House.

J. O. F., Regular meetings of Ottawa Lodge  
No. 46, is held every Wednesday evening, at their  
Lodge Room in the Attic of the Washington  
House. Members of the Order are cordially in-  
vited to attend. Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Mich.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Where are all the birds that sang  
A hundred years ago?

The flowers that all in beauty sprang  
A hundred years ago?

The lips that smiled,  
The eyes that wild  
In flashes shone  
Soft eyes upon—

Where, O where are the lips and eyes,  
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,  
That lived so long ago!

Who peopled all the city streets,  
A hundred years ago?

Who filled the church with flocks meek,  
A hundred years ago?

The sneering tale  
Of sisters' frail,  
The plot that worked  
A brother's hurt—

Where, O where are plots and sneers,  
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,  
That lived so long ago!

Where are the graves where dead men slept  
A hundred years ago?

Who, when they were living wept,  
A hundred years ago?

By other men,  
That knew not them,  
Their lands are tilled,  
Their graves are filled—

Yet nature then was just as gay,  
And bright the sun shone as to-day,  
A hundred years ago.

Excursion up Wolf River.

At the present time, no traveller in Northern  
Wisconsin considers his journey complete with-  
out visiting the Wolf River country. Though the  
Wolf is the longest navigable stream in  
Wisconsin, comparatively few have ascended to  
its head waters—or, we may say, have even seen  
this river.

As no regular line of boats is yet established,  
the traveller may have to wait at Oshkosh long-  
er than what the journey may seem worth. We  
were at Oshkosh in a warm July day, and as our  
party had determined to ascend the Wolf, we  
prepared to go the best way that we could.—

The "John Mitchell" usually makes one trip a  
week as far as Mukwa—the new county seat of  
Waupaca—60 miles above Oshkosh; yet as it  
was not certain when she would leave, we con-  
cluded to take a Fox River steamer as far as  
as Butte des Morts, and from thence by a sail  
boat, and go up as far as our strength and pluck  
would bear. Our company (seven in number)  
made formidable preparations. Each one seem-  
ed determined to dress as out as possible, as  
if we were going out of civilization. A mer-  
chant of Oshkosh, who was an old traveller and  
used to roughing it in all parts of Wisconsin,  
acted as Commodore, in laying in provisions, &c.;  
and as most of the company carried rifles and  
knives, when we came to embark we looked very  
much like a departing band of Californians.—

There seemed to me more danger that by some  
accident, they would shoot each other rather  
than game—large quantities of which in imagina-  
tion they expected to pile up, but which they  
did not obtain.

The steamer left us at Butte des Morts—8  
miles above Oshkosh—a beautifully located vil-  
lage on the brow of the hills which here skirt  
the Fox. After a deal of annoyance, we suc-  
ceeded in chartering a boat sufficiently strong,  
but too heavy and sluggish to ascend against  
such a current (3 miles an hour) as we had to  
encounter. We left Butte des Morts at 2 o'-  
clock in the afternoon, and yet by means of  
sails and oars we did not accomplish the dis-  
tance (3½ miles) to Winneconne, the next land-  
ing, until half-past 5. A mile per hour was  
rather discouraging progress, and after tugging  
at the oars and puffing like a grampus, we be-  
gan to feel that we had undertaken no holiday  
excursion, and more than one of the company  
wished himself back in Oshkosh.

At Winneconne, we found good quarters at  
the hotel. After a swim in the Wolf, (which  
on account of its great depth—from 8 to 40 feet  
—is a delightful place to bathe) and a substan-  
tial supper, we began to discuss the propriety  
of attempting a night journey on the river. The  
wind seemed favorable to use the sail and as we  
had hired two men to row, under the assurance  
of a gentleman who resided at Fremont, (18  
miles above,) the next landing, that he could  
guide us by night and be there at farthest by 2  
o'clock, we finally concluded to undertake a  
night journey on the Wolf, in a country so ut-  
terly wild, that if we lost our way we must lay  
on our oars all night. We were much induced  
to embark by the annoyances of the clouds of  
mosquitoes which here, as elsewhere along this  
river, during the summer, at nightfall seemed to  
rouse up from every inch of the earth, and al-  
most darken the atmosphere. In going to the  
boat, it was considered necessary to protect the  
face by smoking, and such puffing and blowing  
of cigar smoke was comical to even an old  
smoker. After we were fairly embarked, and in  
the middle of the river with a favoring wind,  
we found the night sail very pleasant. We passed  
through Lake Winneconne—a mere spread-  
ing of the Wolf—and about 11 o'clock at night,  
got into Lake Powaygon, a corner of which it  
was necessary for us to pass through. After  
sailing an hour with a breeze the more grateful  
after the oppressive heat of a July day, we were  
all congratulating ourselves on the rapid pro-  
gress which we had made, and the absence of the  
dreaded mosquito—but we rejoiced too soon.—

The wind died away, and we were compelled to  
use the oars. Our guide also began to jump up  
uneasily and peer about in the darkness of mid-  
night, as if he was not sure that he was in the  
right course. After rowing some time longer,  
the guide was compelled to announce that "we  
had lost our way," and that we must put back.  
This announcement made us feel that we were  
in "a fix," and that if we got out of this scrape  
safely, it should be our last night journey. Af-  
ter changing and beating about for another hour  
the guide stated that we were so much out of  
the way, that we must lay becalmed until mor-  
ning. Motion, even when on the wrong route  
was pleasant; but when the boat was suffered  
to ground in one of the bayous, we began to  
feel that this was rather more than we expected  
to find on our journey. It also happened that  
the boat had drifted into one of those bayous  
where the long grass breeds the mosquitoes by

the million. We with one voice termed it  
"Mosquito Harbor"—and we do not believe that  
any of us will ever forget the very affectionate  
manner in which these little savages welcomed  
us. We lay there until the dawn of the next  
morning, and it seemed to me the longest night  
I have ever known—as we could not sleep a  
wink from the time we embarked at Winnecon-  
ne. Yet the darkest hour will finally wear it-  
self out. We were ready to take advantage of  
the earliest dawn, and by hard pushing we man-  
aged to force our boat through the swale into  
the Lake, and from thence soon entered the riv-  
er, and after four hours rowing, we landed at  
Fremont, a small settlement a mile below Part-  
idge Lake. The public house was not quite  
finished, but the landlord made us as comfort-  
able as possible. We were all so thoroughly ja-  
ded, and some of us quite ill, that we conclud-  
ed to stay there all that day, and on the next  
morning return to Oshkosh, as we had seen en-  
ough of "the elephant" to satisfy the most cu-  
rious. But, fortunately, it so happened that  
near nightfall, while we were making the most  
extensive preparations to drive off the mosqui-  
toes, by building fires, smoking, shooting, and  
oiling our faces and hands with bears' grease—  
which a New Yorker insisted to be a sovereign  
protection against the bite, but which made us  
look very much like Laplanders—it was announ-  
ced that the steambot was coming. We were  
right heartily rejoiced, as now we saw an end  
to our toils. The John Mitchell soon came to  
the dock, and the captain stated that he should  
lay there until the next morning, and then pro-  
ceed to Mukwa. As we had not yet given up  
our desire to see the country, we at once con-  
cluded to go farther up the river, and were then  
amply repaid for all of our previous fatigue.—

The next morning we started early, and it was  
a delightful sail up the Wolf. The river winds  
and bends almost like the coils of a serpent, and  
as there are heavy forests on both sides of it—  
with large overhanging trees—a powerful cur-  
rent—snags in the channel, and the banks over-  
flowed by every freshet—the Wolf River seem-  
ed the Mississippi in miniature.

Waupaca, formerly Gill's Landing, was the  
next place where the steambot stopped. It  
contains but three or four buildings. It is 14  
miles above Fremont, and near Reed's Mills al-  
lows Weyauwega, on the Waupaca River—a small  
stream which here empties into the Wolf. The  
famous Walla-walla Valley (already settled) is  
back from three to five miles from this landing,  
and represented to be a most beautiful country  
—equal to any in Wisconsin. Our next and  
last landing was Mukwa, the county seat of  
Waupaca, and one of the most pleasantly situ-  
ated villages one can imagine. It is on an ele-  
vated plateau, which gradually rises from the  
river—about a half mile below the mouth of the  
Little Wolf. The country around is excellent,  
either for wheat or grazing. By the road it is  
only 30 miles distant from Oshkosh, though 60,  
by the river. It is only about 40 from Green  
Bay, and about 30 from Berlin, in Marquette  
county, and on account of the high land, affords  
one of the very best points for crossing the  
Wolf. We think Mukwa is destined to be some-  
thing of a town—probably the largest place on  
the river. The boat was detained about two  
hours at Mukwa, giving ample time to walk  
through the village, which already contains full  
500 inhabitants. The streets are broad and regu-  
larly laid out. They have a good hotel—and  
take it all in all, the village must leave a favor-  
able impression on the traveller.

The journey down the river is delightful.—

The swift current makes even a slow boat move  
fast, and the sudden bends in the channel dis-  
close some new beauty at every mile. Some  
of the bends are so sharp that it is with difficul-  
ty that the steamer is prevented from being driven  
ashore. The west side of the Wolf is still  
held (under the indulgence of the Government)  
by Menominee Indians, though some claims are  
entered on that side. Most of the improvements  
are on the east side, but Weyauwega and the  
famous Walla-walla Valley, which contains  
a population of some 500 is in the Indian coun-  
try. It is supposed that the land will be offer-  
ed for sale during the course of the present or  
coming year, and then emigration must be heavy  
to all this region. The best of the land does  
not lie on the river, but from half a mile to two  
miles back. From Lake Powaygon to Mukwa  
the river overflows a good portion of its banks.  
Above Mukwa to Lake Shauna, the banks are  
high—at least so we understand. With this ad-  
vantage, the country on the Upper Wolf will  
be settled more rapidly than below Mukwa.

No one can return from the Wolf without  
the impression that the river is misnamed at  
Oshkosh. It is there really the Wolf, and not  
the Fox. The color of the water, its current,  
and the general bearing of its shores, prove that  
it is really the wolf which empties into Lake  
Winneconne, and that the Fox is more properly  
a branch of the Wolf. At Butte des Morts,  
where they divide, the Fox is a small stream be-  
side the Wolf. At Winneconne—a finely situ-  
ated village—there is one of the best Artesian  
wells in the State. The water is delicious, and  
bubbles up with great force. All this section of  
Northern Wisconsin can obtain these wells.—

The water is supposed to come from Lake Supe-  
rior, as that Lake is on a higher dip of the earth's  
surface than that portion of our State. With  
its good health, good water and a fertile soil, a  
few years will produce a change in the Wolf  
River country that will astonish those who have  
traversed it when it was the wildest section of  
the Northwest.

There was one incident which happened on  
our up trip, which forcibly struck every eye wit-  
ness with the adventurous character of the true  
Pioneer. Above Waupaca, Capt. Newton was  
so kind as to run his boat up a bayou to land  
an emigrant and his wife. He was evidently in  
good circumstances, as he was provided with  
stock and a full assortment of substantial house  
utensils. After every thing was carefully put  
on shore, the emigrant's wife, with a babe in  
her arms, followed. Here they were to be left,  
by their own consent—miles from any human  
habitation. They had not even a tent built to shelter  
them. But they were not faint-hearted.—

Their cattle were first tied to a tree. In look-

ing about, they discovered by the marks on a  
tree that this spot had been an old Indian camp-  
ing ground. Fortunately, they found the tent  
poles and the bark near their landing. As the  
steambot was leaving them, we could discover  
that the tent was rapidly rising under his hand  
—but just then a shower came up. The moth-  
er did not scold or cry, but laid her child quiet-  
ly on its little pallet, down amid the tall grass,  
and she proceeded to help her husband place the  
bark on the hut—and thus their ready hands in  
less than an hour formed a shelter from the rain;  
and if they have health, we have not a doubt but  
that they will prosper. We could not but think  
that such exhibitions of self-reliant character  
show that the Americans are the only people  
who could have subdued and made beautiful the  
vast, uncultivated wastes which were embraced  
within our Confederacy, and whose very cultiva-  
tion has made us a great nation, as this labor  
has called out the most sacrificing virtues of  
the human character.

[Correspondence Daily Wisconsin.

AN AMERICAN NAVAL ANECDOTE.—When Mc-  
Donough was first Lieutenant of the Siren, under  
the command of Captain Smith, a circum-  
stance occurred in the harbor of Gibraltar, suf-  
ficiently indicative of the firmness and decision  
of his character. An American merchant brig  
came to anchor near the United States vessel.  
McDonough, in the absence of Captain Smith,  
saw a boat from a British frigate board the brig,  
and take from her a man. He instantly manned  
and armed his gig, and pursued the British boat,  
which he overtook, just as it reached the frigate,  
and without ceremony took the impressed man  
into his own boat. The frigate's boat was twice  
the force of his own, but the act was so bold as  
to astonish the Lieutenant who commanded the  
press gang, and so no resistance was offered.—

When the affair was made known to the British  
Captain, he came on board the Siren in a great  
rage, and inquired how he dared to take a man  
from his boat.

McDonough replied, that the man was an A-  
merican seaman, and under the protection of the  
flag of the United States, and it was his duty to  
protect him.

The Captain, with a volley of oaths, swore he  
would bring his frigate alongside the Siren, and  
sink her.

"That you may do," said McDonough; "but  
while she swims, the man you will not have."

The English Captain told McDonough that  
he was a young hair brained fellow, and would  
repent of his rashness. "Supposing sir," said  
he, "I had been in that boat, would you have  
dared to have committed such an act?"

"I should have made the attempt, at all haz-  
ards," was the reply.

"What sir," said the Captain, "would you  
venture to interfere if I were to impress men  
from that brig?"

"You can try it, sir," was the reply of Mc-  
Donough.

The British Captain returned to his vessel,  
manned a boat, and steered for the brig. Mc-  
Donough did the same; but here the matter end-  
ed. The English Captain took a circuitous  
route and returned to his vessel. There was  
such a calmness in the conduct of Lieutenant  
McDonough, such solemnity in his language,  
such a politeness in his manner, that the British  
officer saw that he had to deal with no ordinary  
man, and that it was not best to put him on his  
metal.

THE LOVE OF HOME.—It is only shallow mind-  
ed pretenders, who either make distinguished or  
origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure or  
ignominy a matter of personal reproach. Taunt  
and scoffing at the humble condition of early life af-  
fects nobody in America but those who are fool-  
ish enough to indulge in them, and they are  
generally sufficiently punished by the published  
rebuks. A man who is not ashamed of himself  
need not be ashamed of his early condition. It  
did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin  
but my elder brothers and sisters were born in  
a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of N.  
Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the  
smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and  
curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar  
evidence of a white man's habitation between it  
and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.—

Its remains still exist: I make it an annual vis-  
it. I carry my children to it to teach them the  
hardships endured by the generation which have  
gone before them. I love to dwell on the ten-  
der recollections, and kindred ties, the early af-  
fections, and the narrations and incidents which  
mingle with all I know of this primitive family  
abode. I weep to think that none of those who  
inhabited it are now among the living; and if  
ever I fall in affectionate veneration for him who  
raised it, and defended it against savage violence  
and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts  
beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood  
of seven years' revolutionary war shrank from  
no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to  
raise his children to a condition better than his  
own, may my name, and the name of my poster-  
ity, be blotted forever from the memory of man-  
kind.

[Daniel Webster.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—"Pray tell me, my  
dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh, such a disgrace!"

"What disgrace?"

"Why, I have opened one of your letters, sup-  
posing it addressed to myself. Certainly it look-  
ed more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a  
wife's opening her husband's letters?"

"No harm in itself. But the contents. Such  
a disgrace!"

"What! has any one dared to write me a let-  
ter unfit to be read by my wife?"

"Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste lan-  
guage. But the contents!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handker-  
chief and commenced sobbing aloud, when the  
husband eagerly caught up the letter and com-  
menced reading the epistle that had been the  
means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It  
was a bill from the printer for 9 years subscrip-  
tion.

Kant, the philosopher, could never hear an  
untruth, even in jest.

A HINT FOR SUICIDES.—Samuel Green and  
Ezra Tucker, two stout boys of about fifteen  
years of age, own a small skiff in partnership,  
and made a business of picking up drift wood  
and other unclaimed articles found afloat. They  
were about putting off from Pine street wharf,  
yesterday morning, when a man in a shabby  
black suit, came to the spot and bargained with  
them for a passage to Point Airy. The distance  
is but trifling and they agreed to carry him for  
twelve and a half cents, not choosing to inform  
him that he could obtain steamboat conveyance  
for half the money. When they had proceeded  
about half way to the Point, the stranger stood  
up in the boat, muttered something unintelligi-  
ble and plunged head-foremost into the river.  
Green and Tucker pulled in their oars and at-  
tempted to save the poor creature's life, in which  
attempt they succeeded, and dragged him safely  
into the skiff, after he had sunk twice. The des-  
perate man presently recovered the use of  
speech, and addressed himself to his deliverers:  
"Alas! boys, why did you prevent me from go-  
ing to the land of peace?"

"You didn't take passage for any such place,"

answered Green; "we agreed to carry you to  
Point Airy." "I want to go home!" cried the un-  
happy stranger; "why did you stop me?"—

"Why did we," repeated Tucker, evidently sur-  
prised at the question, "why because you had not  
paid your fare." The stranger, seeing where  
the difficulty lay, began to feel in his pockets,  
but the search was fruitless, and he was obliged  
to confess that he had no money; at the same  
time he beseeched the lads to let him finish the  
work of self destruction. "No, no," answered  
Green, "we can't let you off so easy. Pay your  
honorable debts, and then if you want to go  
home, (as you call it,) among the cat fish, you  
may go as soon as you like." Incensed at the  
attempt which had been made to swindle them  
out of their just dues, the boys rowed the wick-  
ed man back to the wharf, conducted him to the  
Mayor's Office, and had him committed as a  
vagrant. This incident suggests the moral reflec-  
tion that no man has a right to volunteer to pay  
the debt of nature, until his other debts are hon-  
estly liquidated.

[Pennsylvania.

ADVERTISING.—We have heretofore had oc-  
casion to give our views upon this question,  
obtained from the observation of years spent  
in business operations, and the experience of  
every day but adds to the conviction that the  
benefit accruing to all classes of dealers and  
tradesmen, from a liberal expenditure in ad-  
vertising their wares and merchandize, are almost  
incalculable. The Albany Evening Journal  
hits the truth in this matter, in the following  
manner:

[Det. Free Press.

Nothing is more clearly settled, or more uni-  
versally admitted, that the best money spent by  
a business man is that spent for advertising.—

The fact has been demonstrated throughout the  
world. Men will pay enough for a handsome  
sign to embellish their stores, for elegant win-  
dows, and for oysters, drinks, cigars, confection-  
ery and knickknacks, to pay half a dozen years'  
advertising bills, and all without any benefit to  
their business or themselves, to be gained by  
freely advertising. Hundreds ought to be paid  
where tens are now; if merchants would thrive  
and make money.

It does not answer to dabble lightly in the  
matter. A man may as well expect to wash his  
hands by dipping a finger's tip in the water, as  
to give his business a sensible, clean lift, by a  
little advertising. The true way, and the profit-  
able one, is to pay for liberal advertising, and  
then use it. Keep the mill wheel turning and  
the people will certainly send you the grist af-  
ter a while. Depend upon it, half of the busi-  
ness men who "burst up," might avoid the  
painful and disastrous event, by resorting to the  
printer's instead of the shaver's aid to hold  
them up. Half the sum paid for shaving, and  
other follies, would make the foolish men who  
pay for those luxuries, rich and comfortable.—

Try it and see.

DARK HOURS.—There are hours, dark hours  
that mark the history of the brightest year.—

For not a whole month in any of the millions  
of the past, perhaps has the sun shone brilliant  
all the time. And there have been cold stormy  
days in every year, when could be seen or heard  
for touching something that cheered the spirit,  
or gratified our desires for the beautiful. And  
yet the mist and the shadows of the darkest  
hours have dissipated, and flitted away. The  
cruelest of icy fetters have been broken and  
dissolved, and the most furious storm loses its  
powers to harm.

And what a parable is all this of human life,  
of our inside world, where the heart works at  
its destined labors. Here, too we have the  
overshadowings of dark hours, and many a cold  
blast chills the heart to its very core. But what  
matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only  
by darkness and storms that heroism gains its  
greatest and best development and illustration  
—then it kindles the dark cloud into a blaze of  
glory and the storm bears it more rapidly to its  
destiny. Despair not then. Never give up  
while one good power is yours—use it. Dis-  
appointment and mortifying failure may attend  
this effort, and that one—but only be honest  
and struggle on, and it will all work well, if  
not in time, then in eternity.

A learned German Astrologer has ascertained  
that the earth will be destroyed by a comet in  
just twenty-two millions of years. The ente  
philosopher deserves the public's thanks for  
postponing the event to so distant a day.

A member of the Lazy Society was complain-  
ed of, last week, by another, for running. His  
defence was, that he was going down hill, and  
it was more labor to walk than to run. He was  
let off, easy.

A complete and generous education is one  
which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully,  
and magnanimously, all the offices, both public  
and private, of peace and war.

Hannah Moore said to Horace Walpole—"If  
I wished to punish an enemy, it should be by  
fastening on him the trouble of constantly hat-  
ing somebody."